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M. FISHER'S  
POEMS



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Thomas Johnston

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July 16/59.

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# SCENES FROM SCRIPTURE

AND OTHER

## POEMS.

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BY M. FISHER.

---

Aware that human life  
Is but a loan, to be repaid with use  
When God shall call his debtors to account;  
I seek to improve the mind he gave me,  
Driving it, though slack, too oft, and much impeded in its work  
To its just point—the service of mankind.—COWPER.

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## P R E F A C E .

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IN the present day, when the press is teeming with books from the pens of the mighty in knowledge, intellect, and power, the Author of these Poems is well aware how slender are her claims to public patronage,

But, as it cannot be denied that moral and religious truths, when mixed with lighter readings, sometimes impress the young more deeply than weightier words from wiser pens, the writer hopes that even this small volume may not be altogether unprofitable; and in that hope she has her best reward.

To the kind friends who have at once assisted and encouraged her, she takes this opportunity of returning her sincere thanks, whether this little book may sink or swim in the great ocean of literature, their kindness will ever be thankfully remembered and gratefully acknowledged by

THE AUTHOR.



# SCENES FROM SCRIPTURE.

---

## JOSEPH.

---

GENESIS, CHAP. XXXVII. TO XLVII.

SLOWLY the camels are wending their way,  
Through the deserts trackless sand;  
And the sons of Ishmael are bringing their prey,  
From the homes of a distant land.

Sadly the line of slaves march on,  
As they leave their native shore;  
And many the hearts that with anguish mourn,  
For the friends they shall meet no more.

There is one, whose gentle and youthful air,  
Might the tenderest pity move;  
For the only crime that has brought him there,  
Is a doting father's love.

His brothers have grieved that father's heart,  
And steep'd their souls in sin;  
But Joseph has chosen the better part,  
And his God takes care of him.

He has stood in Egypt a fetter'd slave—  
He has tasted a dungeon's gloom;  
But his trust is in Him that alone can save,  
And he fears not that living tomb.

He has stood before Pharaoh's mighty throne,  
Where satraps bend the knee;  
But his message is from the king of kings,  
And he fears not such as he.

He has saved from famine a perishing land,  
And thousands bless his name;  
And before him stand that brother band,  
Bowed to the earth with shame.

His father has lived to bless his son,  
And he asks no other joy;  
Oh! has not God taken care of one?  
That fetter'd and friendless boy.

And He will take care of all who trust,  
On Him with unfaltering faith;  
He will guide them through the ills of life  
And comfort their souls in death.

## MOSES.

---

EXODUS, CHAP. II.

A NOBLE river is sweeping,  
Its onward course to the sea;  
But along its banks are weeping,  
A people that would be free.

Bright flowers those banks adorning,  
Lift their gorgeous heads on high;  
But the mothers of Israel are mourning,  
For their children doomed to die.

A female form is kneeling;  
Her hands are clasped in prayer;  
And her eye to Heaven appealing,  
Has a look of wild despair.

By her side is an osier basket,  
With rushes twisted round;  
And within that fragile casket,  
A babe is sleeping sound.

Oh! softly lay that casket,  
Close, close to the river's bed;  
Where the leaves of the silvery lotus,  
Shall shadow thy infant's head.

And hie thee home, sad mother,  
Fear not to leave him there;  
For God will shield his chosen,  
And answer thy humble prayer.

The babe thou hast left in sorrow,  
Asleep by that river's side,  
Shall wake to a glorious morrow,  
And humble a tyrant's pride.



MOSES AND PHARAOH.

---

EXODUS, CHAP. X. XI. AND XII.

YEARS have rolled on, (for the course of time  
Is an ever flowing tide,)  
And we see him now an aged man,  
Whom we left by that river's side.

Our scene is changed to a pillar'd hall,  
A lordly and lofty dome,  
Gilding and sculpture adorn its walls,  
But all is wrapt in gloom.

Eight plagues have pass'd o'er Egypt's land,  
Yet its monarch will not bow;  
He has harden'd his heart 'gainst Heavens command,  
And the ninth is passing now.

'Three days hath the thickest darkness spread,  
O'er earth like a funeral pall;  
And the hearts of the bravest quake with dread,  
From cottage to monarch's hall.

And within that hall, 'midst a glittering ring,  
Stands the prophet with dauntless brow;  
Though the haughty looks of an angry king,  
Are bent upon him now.

Stern is that king, and he strives to hide  
From each eye his dark despair;  
Ah! little he knows his defiant pride,  
Will cost him his kingdom's heir.

"And go," he cries, for in wrath he spake,  
"To the wilderness haste away;  
Your wives and little ones ye may take,  
But your flocks and herds must stay.

"And mark, if again thou seest my face,  
In that hour thou shalt surely die;"  
"Thou hast spoken well," said the man of God,  
For gentle was his reply.

"I shall see thy face no more,—I have borne  
The message of God to thee;  
I go to lead his people forth,  
For Israel shall be free."

Need we to tell of that awful night?  
When the angel's with'ring breath,  
Swept o'er the land, and ere morning light,  
Their first-born lay cold in death.

Of the hot pursuit—of the hasty flight  
To the shores of that 'whelming sea;  
Where God put forth his arm in might,  
And his people at length were free.

And blest are the people in every age,  
Who call on His mighty name;  
He will shelter them midst the tempest's rage,  
And cover their foes with shame.



R U T H .

---

SEE yon aged woman bending,  
'Neath the weight of woe and years;  
Two fair daughters on her tending,  
Strive to dry her falling tears.

“ Cease my children, I entreat you,  
To your father's house return,  
Many friends will gladly greet you,  
Leave me now alone to mourn.

“ Well have ye fulfilled each duty,  
I could ask, or you bestow;  
In the bloom of youth and beauty,  
Other ties await you now.

“ May the God of Israel guard you,  
Showering blessings on each head;  
His kind love will thus reward you,  
For your duty to the dead.”

Thus she spake, and sadly turning,  
With a faint and broken heart;  
See poor Orpah deeply mourning,  
Kiss her mother and depart.

Not so Ruth, (with strong devotion,  
Cleaving to her 'gainst her will;)   
Thus she speaks in wild emotion,  
Causing every nerve to thrill.

“Vainly dost thou bid me leave thee,  
Where thou goest, I will go;  
Where thou lodgest, there will I be,  
Mother! do not answer, No.

“To thy God in warm devotion,  
Humbly will I bend the knee;  
And the people thou hast chosen,  
They my people too shall be.

“Where thou diest there will I die,  
Nought but death shall part us twain;  
And when death at last divides us,  
I will make my grave with thine.”

Won at length, Naomi yielded,  
To a love so pure and strong;  
By the God of Israel shielded,  
These sad mourners reached their home.

Courage, Ruth, though want assail thee,  
Gladness oft from sorrow springs;  
Future ages yet shall hail thee,  
Mother to a race of kings.

Nay, the hope of every nation,  
Heir to Heaven's diadem;  
Sprang from thee, in straight succession,  
Christ the star of Bethlehem.



ESTHER.

---

THERE is feasting in Persia's palace of pride,  
And music in hall and bower;  
And the king hath called for his queenly bride,  
To grace that festal hour.

But she would not obey her lord's command,  
And loud was his wrath, I ween;  
"Shall it ever be told in Persia's land,  
That the king was braved by the queen?"

"Proclaim it to all my people," he said,  
"Let it sound from shore to shore;  
That the crown is rent from Vashti's head,  
And she meets her lord no more."

Then they search through India's wide domain,  
For virgins young and fair;  
And among that bright and blooming train,  
Was a Jewish maiden rare.

Of modest mien, and humble birth,  
Her rank and race unknown ;  
The mightiest monarch of all the earth,  
Hath chosen her for his own.

The crown that was rent from Vashti's head,  
Is placed on Esther's brow ;  
And she that so late was a lowly maid,  
Is the queen of Persia now.

But the hand of God may here be seen,  
As it is in every place ;  
And a mighty mission is thine, fair queen,  
To save his chosen race.

For thy people have met with a deadly foe,  
In the prince who rules the state ;  
And he fain would lay thy kinsmen low,  
As he sits at thy husband's gate.

And the king hath signed with his royal hand,  
What he cannot recall again ;  
That in every city throughout the land,  
The Hebrews shall be slain.

In sackcloth and ashes is Israel seen,  
As to Heaven they bend the knee ;  
Now, up and arouse thee, Persia's queen,  
For their hope is in God and thee.

The friend of thy youth implores thine aid,  
Thy people on thee rely ;  
“ I will see the king,” the lady said ;  
“ And if I die, I die.

“ But fast and pray through all the land,  
For great is the risk I run ;  
If he hold not out that golden wand,—  
I am indeed undone.”

Arrayed in her richest robes of state,  
That lady takes her stand ;  
With a sad and trembling heart, to wait  
Her sovereign lord's command.

But he holds out the wand that alone can save,  
As lowly she bends the knee ;  
“ If the half of my kingdom Queen Esther crave,  
It is granted at once by me.”

“ To-day within thy lady's bower,  
My maids do a feast prepare ;  
And I pray that the king at the mid-day hour,  
To that banquet would repair.

“ And that Haman, along with my lord may come,  
To share our feast of state ;  
And the tale that is trembling on my tongue,  
I will there and then relate.”

Remorse shook the frame of that haughty king,  
And his cheek grew deadly pale :  
For he feels he has done an unholy thing,  
As he lists to her fearful tale.

“ I have greatly erred, I have done in wrath,  
What I cannot in love recall ;  
Away with that traitor at once to death,  
For he is the cause of all.

“ And send messengers quickly through the land,  
To the Jews the tidings tell ;  
That foot to foot, and hand to hand,  
They may their foes repel.”

The people are saved by Esther's aid,  
Now the wisdom of God is seen ;  
In raising this humble Jewish maid,  
To the rank of Persia's queen.

And this lesson we learn, that in every age,  
In the hour of dark despair,  
Our God will quell the tempest's rage,  
If we ask him in humble prayer.

No penitent's prayer escapes His ear,  
And His arm is still stretched to save ;  
He will not forsake His people here,  
And He'll meet them beyond the grave.

D A N I E L .

---

DANIEL, CHAP. I. AND II.

THE blast of the trumpet  
Is sounding afar,  
And the hosts of the heathen  
Are marshall'd for war.

The armies of Judah  
Have battled in vain,  
Her king is a captive,  
Her nobles are slain.

In the train of the victor  
Her warriors are led,  
And her maidens are weeping  
The lost and the dead.

Then the proud king of Babylon  
Hath called for his slave,  
And commanded before him  
The wise and the brave.

From the hosts of the vanquished  
Who pine for their home,  
Four princes are chosen  
To stand round his throne.

Distinguished by beauty,  
By wisdom and worth,  
That lord hath well chosen  
The salt of the earth.\*

But the king in his slumber  
Has trouble and dread,  
And the visions of midnight,  
Ere morning are fled.

He calls the Chaldeans,  
But calls them in vain ;  
The dream of the sleeper  
Returns not again.

Then the brow of the despot  
Grew dark in his rage,  
And he spake in fierce anger  
To prophet and sage.

" Away from before me,  
Prepare ye to die ;  
For your wisdom is folly,  
Your art is a lie."

\* " Ye are the salt of the earth."—Math. chap. v., verse 13.

In vain they implore him  
His rage to restrain,  
The wise men of Babylon  
Are doomed to be slain.

Then kneeling in meekness,  
Those captives implore,  
The God of their fathers,  
That dream to restore.

He hears their petition  
And answers their prayers,  
And ere morning the vision  
To Daniel declares.

That to Nebuchadnezzar  
His dream may be told,  
Of the image of silver,  
Of brass and of gold.

Of clay, and of iron,  
But smitten by stone,  
To the four winds of Heaven  
That image was thrown.

And that stone grew a mountain,  
O'er earth it hath spread ;  
And it standeth for ever,  
For Christ is its head.

The dream is unriddled,  
The king hath bent low,  
To the God of the captives,  
In wonder and awe.

And those princes of Judah,  
Have power and command,  
And the name of Jehovah  
Is feared in the land.



## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

## BURNS' CENTENARY.

THE following Poem opens with a description of a winter night in January, 1759. The scene is laid on the Banks of Doon, where Coila (the muse whom Burns describes so beautifully in his Poem of "The Vision,") is supposed to be wandering and lamenting the want of a Poet to sing the beauties of her two favourite rivers, the Doon and Ayr. She is comforted by the Genius of Scotland, who, appearing in the form of a female, fortells the birth of Burns, and gives a sketch of his genius, his life, and his future fame.

THE new year's moon was riding high,  
Her radiance flooded earth and sky,  
The stars in countless myriads shone,  
Like diamonds round some eastern throne;  
The hoar frost in its robes of white,  
With silent beauty clothed the night,  
O'er hill and valley sped its way,  
And left its gems on every spray.

The waters that in summer sheen,  
Murmured through banks of living green,  
Lay silent 'neath the ice king's breath,  
Like shrouded beauty wrapt in death,  
Waiting the spring whose gentle tone  
Shall wake those waters into song.

Such was the night—the scene was fair,  
And near the ancient town of Ayr;  
Ayr widely famed in days of yore,  
For guarding well her sea girt shore,  
When fierce invaders crossed the wave,  
The welcome that her children gave,  
May yet be read in Alpin's grave.\*

In later days, here oft was found,  
His country's saviour, world renowned,†  
Struggling to free his native land,  
From tyrant's laws and despot's brand;  
How well he fought, let history say,  
Her darkest page his closing day.

But we must pause, 'twere vain to tell,  
Of deeds of strife by wood and dell,

---

\* In the ninth century an invasion of Ayrshire took place under Alpin, king of the Seoto Irish. He was defeated and killed at a place called Dalmellington, near Ayr, and his resting place is still known under the Gaelic appellation of "Laicht Alpin,"—the grave of Alpin.

† The maternal grandfather of Sir William Wallace was hereditary sheriff of Ayr, and much of the patriot's time was spent in Ayrshire.

Where heroes, patriots, martyrs stood,  
And sealed their cov'nant with their blood.  
'Twas not of these we meant to write,  
A gentler theme is ours to-night,  
But oft the poet's airy dream,  
Has warped the song and lost the theme;  
He then must find it as he may,  
And guard again lest fancy stray.  
The night had neared its hour of noon,  
When on the banks of "bonny Doon,"  
A female form was dimly seen,  
Her robe was white, her mantle green,  
We might describe that fairy sprite,  
With face so fair, and foot so light,  
But *that* her bard has done too well,  
For meaner hand to break the spell.  
Slow is her step as prest with care,  
The bright eyed muse of Doon and Ayr,  
Paces the leafless trees among,  
And through the midnight pours her song.

## COILA'S SONG.

Hail! to thee winter, within thy bosom,  
Lie darkly hidden the germs of spring,  
And soon these banks filled with bud and blossom,  
Shall lure the wild bird again to sing.

How dear to me are thy sparkling waters,  
Thy flowering summer, thy budding spring,

Thy daring sons, and thy blooming daughters,  
Ah! shall no poet their praises sing?

Each new year's dawn, and each old year's waning,  
Thy Coila wanders thy woods among,  
And wearies Heaven with vain complaining,  
It will not lend her one child of song.

My sister muses deride my sorrow,  
And smile to see me thus prest with care;  
Ah! would some bard from the dells of Yarrow,  
But tune his harp on the banks of Ayr.

She ceased, for lo! beside her stood,  
The loveliest type of womanhood,  
That ere in Scottish glen was seen,  
Save Scotland's lost and lovely queen,  
When first *she* stood in maiden pride,  
A youthful monarch's blushing bride.

But though this lady's face was fair,  
Her features wore the stamp of care,  
As if some sorrow long pass'd by,  
Had blanched her cheek and dimmed her eye;  
Stately her form, no earthly Queen,  
Might ever boast such air and mien;  
Amid her tresses, dark as night,  
The laurel leaves were glancing bright.  
Around her form a Highland plaid,  
Bespoke the lady mountain bred,

It fell in many a graceful fold,  
With shoulder clasp of burninshed gold.  
She stood awhile but nothing spoke,  
At length poor Coila silence broke,  
Trembling alike with hope and fear,  
“What seeketh Scotland’s Genius here?”

“I come to cheer my favour’d child,”  
The Genius said, and sweetly smiled,  
“To hail thee, muse of Doon and Ayr,  
And bid thee clear thy brow from care ;  
Seest thou yon rude and lowly cot,  
Nay mark it ’tis a hallowed spot,  
Ere twice o’er Carrick breaks the morn,  
There Scotland’s poet shall be born,  
(For though ’tis thine to train his youth,  
In paths of honour and of truth,  
To me the Bard must still belong,  
For Scotland claims this child of song.)  
Where’er we turn our eyes around,  
His muse shall make it classic ground ;  
Yon ancient church, with mouldering wall,  
Where fairy steps by moonlight fall,  
His Highland maid in beauty’s pride,  
His Father’s cottage fireside,  
The Brigs of Ayr, the Braes o’ Doon,  
The briery bank, the budding broom,  
The daisy as it gems the sod,  
The lark that sings its hymn to God,

The maid that roams with witching smile  
Among the Braes o' Ballochmyle,  
Shall each engross his muse by turns,  
And men shall call him ROBERT BURNS."

Oh! had we but been, by the while,  
To see poor Coila's brightened smile,  
Her flashing eye, her burning cheek,  
When Scotland's Genius ceased to speak,  
She paused a moment, then replied,  
"Yes I will be his friend and guide,  
But when his native land shall shower  
Great wealth, high honours for his dower,  
And Prince and Peer hail him with joy,  
Shall I not lose my peasant boy."

One single glance of withering scorn,  
Flashed o'er a face nought could deform,  
As if within that lady's breast,  
Some feeling scarce could be repress;  
It pass'd, and as she spoke once more,  
Her voice was gentle as before,—  
"Coila," she said, "we may not scan  
God's dealings with his creature man;  
We may not ask why *here* the bard,  
So seldom meets his due reward;  
Why genius, wisdom, wit and worth,  
Are doomed to toil upon the earth,  
While fools, oft born to wealth and state,  
Are flattered till they *think* they're great.

The boy, soon to thy care consigned,  
Will have an independent mind;  
His passions wild, and feelings strong,  
Alas! will often lead him wrong;  
In youth in pensive musing mood,  
Oft will he wander through this wood,  
To thee and fancy give the rein,  
And pour his wild notes o'er the plain;  
Awhile he'll leave these shady bowers,  
And seek Edina's lofty towers.  
There, courted by the gay and great,  
With spirits high and hopes elate,  
He'll enter life without a fear,  
And fancy all mankind sincere;  
A plaything in the halls of pride,  
Gazed at, admired, and cast aside.  
When genius becomes fashion's toy,  
Then tremble for thy peasant boy;  
Yet some there are, who good as great,  
Shall take an interest in his fate;  
Their love shall gild in future years,  
His path of sunshine and of tears,  
Too oft of tears, for ah! we find,  
That stubborn and unbending mind,  
Refuse to take the just reward,  
Which crowns his labours as a bard;  
While his loved country scarce will give,  
Her greatest poet means to live.  
With throbbing brain, and bursting heart,

He'll see his youthful hopes depart;  
One phantom still before his eye,  
The fear of hopeless poverty.  
What marvel if he seek relief,  
In that which doubles ev'ry grief?  
And 'mid the haunts of boisterous mirth  
Drown for awhile the cares of earth;  
Gently his foibles let us scan,  
He'll yet be owned a noble man.  
Shall I go on? No, I'll not trace,  
That spirit to its resting place,  
Enough he'll sleep 'neath kindred sod,  
His final judgment rests with God;  
But thou, my Coila, dry thy tears,  
For through the mists of future years,  
I see enrolled his deathless name,  
Foremost within the lists of fame,  
For Scotland 'mid her noblest sons,  
Shall rank her poet ROBERT BURNS.  
But we must part, the night has flown,  
And soon the balmy breeze of morn  
Shall chase the mists from Carrick Fell,  
And drive them downward to the dell;  
Weep not, dear Coila, that thy Bard  
Has here small honour, no reward,  
Surely thou hast not now to learn  
Man's life is but a tangled yarn  
Of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,  
While passing through this vale of tears,

And BURNS will have from want and woe  
One solace only Bards can know.  
He'll cling to thee in ev'ry grief,  
And in thy presence find relief.  
Farewell, when we two meet again,  
'Twill be 'mid busy haunts of men,  
Go wreathe a chaplet for his head,  
We'll twine it round his cradle bed,  
For Scotia's Genius joins with joy  
To hail her muse's Peasant Boy."



BALMORAL TO THE  
PRINCESS ROYAL.

---

THE snow flakes were falling,  
When she bade us farewell;  
To her memory recalling,  
The mountain and dell—  
The dark lake and forest—  
The heathery glen :  
Say daughter of England,  
Didst thou think of us then ?

No ! the thoughts of thy mother  
Was strong at thy heart,  
And the tears of thy brothers  
As they saw thee depart ;  
And the grief of thy father,  
Which he strove to restrain—  
We did not expect thee  
To think of us then.

The cannons are booming  
On yon distant shore,  
And thousands of voices,  
Respond to their roar,  
As they welcome the stranger  
Across the wide main,  
We did not expect thee  
To think of us then.

But when months have pass'd over,  
Some sweet even tide,  
When alone with thy lover,  
A young happy bride.  
Fond memory lives over  
Thy childhood again,  
Oh! daughter of England  
Remember us then.

Thou wilt tell of the mountain  
That skirted the sky,  
And the loud roaring torrent  
That thunder'd on high,  
And the kind hearts that loved thee,  
In shealing and glen,  
And thy Bridegroom will bid thee  
Remember us then.

Though the lot thou hast chosen  
Has forced thee to roam,

Thou art dearly remembered  
In thy wild Highland home;  
And when ye revisit  
Old Scotland again,  
We will prove by our welcome,  
What we think of ye then.

---

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO  
CHERBOURG.

---

OH! softly may the breezes blow,  
And brightly shine the morn;  
Our Queen has gone as a mother should go,  
To visit her eldest-born.

And it would have been rudeness, and something more,  
If when asked in a friendly way,  
To make a call at her neighbour's door,  
She had churlishly answered, Nay!

Old England courts no despot's smile,  
She fears no Emperor's frown;  
While her hardy sons can guard their isle,  
Our Queen shall wear her crown.

But though their threats we do not fear,  
We wish these brawls to cease ;  
Our wars already have cost us dear,  
And we value the blessings of peace.

There are gallant spirits in yonder land,  
Across the swelling main,  
That have fought beside us, hand in hand,  
Where the life-blood flowed like rain.

Then why should we (with a sullen frown,)  
Refuse those friends to greet,  
Because they've fortified a town,  
And built and manned a fleet.

Could he,\* who on yonder pillar stands,  
With pale and pensive brow,  
Look down upon these mingling bands,  
What would his thoughts be now ?

As he called his kinsman to his side,  
We might fancy his words to be ;  
“ They scorned *my* might in my hour of pride,  
And trust me they fear not *thee*.

“ But bury the hatchet of war, and cease  
To speak of its dire alarms ,  
If England and France will unite in peace,  
They may smile at a world in arms.”

\* Napoleon I.

Then away with thoughts of wars and woes,  
Let the rose and lily blend ;  
We have not feared to call them foes,  
But we gladly hail them friends.

And bid God speed, Victoria's fleet,  
As it bears her o'er the main ;  
Secure that on Gallia's shores she'll meet  
With a hearty " Vive la Reine ! "

---

### AUNTY KATE.

---

I do dislike this endless noise,  
From flirting girls and beardless boys ;  
As they jest and jeer at a single state,  
For it calls to mind—dear Aunty Kate.

I see her now, with her gentle smile,  
That could all my childish griefs beguile ;  
As I climbed her knee, those griefs to state,  
And she dried my tears—my Aunty Kate.

When my noisy brothers returned from school,  
They broke all laws, and despised all rule ;  
They climbed the hedges—they smashed the gate !  
And they tried to frighten—poor Aunty Kate.

But she stitched the jackets the briers had torn—  
She darned the stockings the gravel had worn—  
She sent for a joiner, who mended the gate,  
And papa never knew it—kind Aunty Kate.

Even *their* wild spirits owned her sway,  
They grew wiser and better day by day ;  
And I heard them at length, in close debate,  
What present to purchase—for Aunty Kate.

I have heard a tale, and I fear 'twas truth,  
Of a lover that wooed her in early youth ;  
But he left her side for wealth and state,  
And darken'd the day-dream—of Aunty Kate.

How oft have I wonder'd, and wished the while.  
To know what sadden'd that gentle smile ;  
But she never complained of her alter'd fate,  
For she asked no pity—my Aunty Kate.

The hungry she fed, and the naked she clad—  
She encouraged the good, and admonished the bad ;  
And they that despise a single state,  
Should have gone to school—to my Aunty Kate.

## LINES ON SIR J. FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.

---

One of the Esquimaux women, on being interrogated by Dr. Rae concerning the fate of the unfortunate Sir John Franklin and his companions, stated that she had seen one (and she believed him to be the last of that ill-fated band) standing alone, and gazing wistfully across the sea.

He stands upon that ice-bound coast,  
And gazes o'er the sea;  
The sole survivor of that host—  
The last—but who is *he*?

Of all that band of gallant men,  
Who bearded winter in his den—  
Who battled with the northern storms,  
And fought with death in fearful forms;  
There stands but one, by that wild sea,  
He is the last—but who is *he*?

We know not—we shall never know,  
No human eye their sufferings saw;  
We cannot lift that icy veil,  
Which forms their shroud, and tells their tale;  
We only feel that all is past,  
And pity all—but most the last!

Oh ! had they died on Baltic shore,  
'Mid gun and cannon's thundering roar,  
Led by the chief who vainly tried,  
To steer them through that icy tide ;  
The anguished hearts who mourned them slain.  
Had felt they had not died in vain.

Or better far, cross Afric's sands,  
God's holy mission in their hands ;  
Had they been sent a land to save,  
To strike the fetters from the slave—  
To find beneath that burning sun,  
New fields of commerce yet unwon,  
To labour for their country's good,  
'Mid savage beasts, and men as rude ;  
Though they had ne'er returned again,  
Their lives had not been lost in vain.

Brave men, who sent across the wave,  
To seek a phantom, found a grave ;  
Your country can but mourn your doom,  
And weep above your icy tomb :  
The thing ye sought for, now 'tis found,  
What is it but an empty sound ?  
The eagle and the polar bear,  
Alone can find a passage there.

Yet not in vain, your fearful fate,  
Some future ruler of our state,

When asked to aid in airy schemes,  
Which when accomplished, prove but dreams;  
Shall say, while pointing to the leaf,  
That tells your history, sad and brief—  
“England again must never send  
Such men as these to meet such end.”

---

## ON SINCERITY.

---

TO A FRIEND.

OFt hast thou wished thy minstrel friend,  
To give a page to thee;  
One word alone to be my theme,  
That word, sincerity.

Say, has some hope in life been crost,  
Some trial been severe—  
Some bright illusion won and lost,  
Some lover insincere?

Whate'er the cause, thy secret keep,  
I do not seek to know;  
I would not wake from memory's sleep,  
Thy hidden source of woe.

Would I could show how much of crime—  
How much of sorrow here,  
Were blotted from the page of time,  
Would men but be sincere.

One Scottish bard, north of the Tweed,  
Has valued truth so high ;  
The first of virtues he has named,  
The word sincerity.\*

And he is right—it is a word,  
All noble minds revere ;  
Our earliest lesson to the young  
Should be—be ye sincere.

While sailing o'er life's stormy sea,  
By many a tempest tost,  
The man who enters falsehood's maze,  
Is surely wrecked and lost.

While he who nobly speaks the truth,  
Though it may cost him dear,  
Finds by the peace within his breast,  
'Twas well to be sincere.

Oh ! what a world would this become,  
How changed our lot would be,  
Could we but trust without a doubt,  
All men's sincerity.

\* Home's Tragedy of Douglas.

A brighter lustre 'twould impart  
To pity's balmy tear,  
Could we but feel that ev'ry heart  
We trusted was sincere.

That may not be—when on our friends  
The frowns of fortune low'r,  
How many faults we then discern  
We never saw before.

How few we find in sorrow's hour,  
The sinking heart to cheer,  
But thou hast stood that test my friend—  
I know thou art sincere.

'Tis true, in sorrows evil hour,  
When all our hopes depart,  
The God we love, and He alone  
Can heal the wounded heart.

Still grateful to that wounded heart,  
The sympathizing tear ;  
Which flows from friendship's pitying eye.  
If friendship be sincere.

TO BESSIE.

---

The following lines were addressed to a young friend who had long borne affliction with christian resignation.

CONTENT to live, resigned to die,  
Thy best affections fixed on high,  
Thy spirit winged to mount the sky,  
Would we were all like thee, Bessie.

Without an earthly hope or fear,  
Save that of leaving friends so dear,  
Who feel thy gentle presence near,  
And breathe their sighs to thee, Bessie.

Within the precincts of thy room,  
There is no dark sepulchral gloom,  
But rays of glory gild the tomb—  
For one prepared like thee, Bessie.

Within thy peaceful, gentle sphere,  
We breathe a purer atmosphere,  
And look to thee our hearts to cheer,  
With counsel from on high, Bessie.

With Christ for ever by thy side,  
Thy friend, thy counsellor and guide,  
What's all the world to thee beside—  
An empty, useless toy, Bessie.

And round thy couch at dewy eve,  
The Angels meet, but not to grieve;  
They teach thee gently so to live,  
Thou need not fear to die, Bessie.

---

## THE BELL'S HAVE RUNG IN.

---

THE bells have rung in to the house of prayer,  
Priests and laymen are hurrying there,  
The soldiers have past with their martial tread,  
But it is not to battle that host is led :  
No ! the war of the Sabbath is waged with sin—  
Hark ! hark ! to the summons, the bells have rung in.

The organ is swelling through vaulted aisle,  
The white robed choristers chaunt the while,  
A mitred churchman is preaching there,  
And the haughtiest kneel in the house of prayer ;

For the tinsel of gold and the pride of birth,  
Which carry such weight with the sons of earth,  
Cannot cleanse the soul from the taint of sin,  
And they own this truth when the bells ring in.

Pass we on to a humbler fane,  
With its doctrine stern, and its ritual plain ;  
But they cherish their form with a nation's pride,  
For their fathers to keep it have fought and died.  
Time was when *their* Pastors by wood and glen,  
Led forth their flocks from the haunts of men ;  
They baptized the babe on the bleak hill side,  
Where they buried the dead and bless'd the bride ;  
Alas ! for the just in those days of sin,  
For they dared not meet where the bells rang in.

Peace to the martyrs who sealed their faith  
With their heart's best blood on the field of death,  
We tune our harps to a song of praise,  
That our lot is cast in happier days ;  
That in God's most holy hours of rest,  
We may worship his name where our hearts think best ;  
And pray for our own and others' sin,  
In the courts of his house, when the bells ring in.

If we lean on Christ with a Christian's trust,  
To our fellow-men be kind and just,  
And practice the precepts our Bibles teach,  
In our daily walk and our hourly speech,

It will ne'er be asked when we reach our home,  
If our prayers were said 'neath a gilded dome :  
For if *this* be our life and *this* our faith,  
We may cheerfully welcome the hour of death ;  
When freed from sorrow and cleansed from sin,  
We shall enter our rest when the bells ring in.

---

### ON THE COMET OF 1858.

---

Wonderful wanderer! whence comest thou ?  
To gaze for a time on our world below ;  
Say, man of wisdom, with age on thy brow,  
What has it sprung from, and where does it go ?  
Did it look upon earth in its earlier prime,  
Ere the cities of Babylon and Ninevah rose,  
Will it travel through space till the end of all time,  
And when time *shall* be ended—where will it repose ?

How vain our conjectures, your skill hath foretold,  
The time of its coming, the length of its stay ;  
Ye have measured its distance, and well can unfold,  
The speed of its flight, as it hastens away.

But to Him who has formed that winged orb with its light,  
Alone can its mission and progress be known,  
As leaving that sky which its presence makes bright,  
It seeks 'mid new planets in vain for a home.

Or returning again, when long ages have past,  
It may steer through our system and course round our sun;  
The thought is o'erwhelming—the changes how vast.  
Ere that wandering stranger its course may have run.  
The nations that now shake the world with their strife,  
Will have past from the earth like a tale of the day ;  
And the cities and marts that are teeming with life,  
Will have left but grey ruins to mark their decay ;

While those prairies and forests, whose silence sublime,  
Is stirred but by savage or hunter in chase,  
Shall be peopled with men—will it *then* be a sign,  
That the world's on the wane, to the last of our race ?  
Whate'er be thy future, thou orb winged with fire,  
Our God, thy Creator, thy flight can restrain ;  
And though planets and suns may wax dim and expire,  
Through Time and Eternity *He* is the same.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

---

Room for the good ship, room,  
Beware of her cannon's roar,—  
For she carries on board  
The mystic cord—  
That shall reach from shore to shore.

Above her the thunders roll,  
Around her the wild winds sweep ;  
Yet her mariners toil,  
And pay out the coil,  
Till it sinks in the fathomless deep.

Hurrah ! for they near the land,  
Their labour at length is o'er ;  
In the annals of man,  
Since the world began,  
Was there e'er such a deed before ?

To sink 'neath the stormy wave,  
A slender and fragile thing ;  
That from friend to friend  
Shall a message send—  
More swift than the wild bird's wing.

To the God of peace and love,  
Let the nations their thanks proclaim ;  
    We rejoice that the words  
    Which first thrilled the cords,  
Were praise to His holy name.

And honour to those great men,  
Whose names shall through ages roll ;  
    From Franklin, whose kite,  
    Caught that ray of light,  
Which is flashing from pole to pole.

They have fought a gallant fight,  
They have vanquished space and time :  
    And the mighty lands  
    Which will thus shake hands,  
Shall their laurels with olive twine.

Then room for the good ship, room,  
As she sails on her homeward track :  
    On her voyage out,  
    We had fear and doubt,  
But we gladly welcome her back.

## A FIRESIDE PHANTASY.

SITTING by the firelight,  
With sadness on my brow;  
How many fireside faces  
Are flitting by me now?  
The mother lost in early life,  
The father in his prime;  
And the grandsire with his hoary hair,—  
So thin and white with time.

Oh! these and many more to-night are flitting to and fro,  
They were my fireside faces of the long time ago.

Another mingles with the group,  
And seats her by my side,  
Who felt for me a mother's love;  
And well her place supplied.  
I laid her aged head in dust,  
And meekly kissed the rod;  
I felt her task was done on earth,  
And gave her back to God.

Methinks I see her gently smile, as passing to and fro,  
She joins my fireside faces of the long time ago.

But there is one, a little one,  
Who stands beside me now,  
His tiny arms are round my neck,  
His kisses on my brow ;  
My child, my child, my only one,  
My joy, my hope, and pride,  
How oft I've wished, since *that* dark hour,  
To lay me by thy side.  
But He who struck has given me strength to bear the fearful blow.  
When *thou* joined my fireside faces of the long time ago.

---

## THE SEASONS.

---

Come, gentle maiden,  
The air is laden  
With fragrant perfume from many a bough,  
We'll ope' yon wicket,  
And through the thicket  
Pursue our path to the mountain's brow.

The rills are rushing,  
Or gently gushing,  
Rejoiced to 'scape from their icy thrall ;

The doves are cooing,  
And softly wooing,  
For the breath of Spring is over all.

The sun is beaming—  
His rays are streaming  
With bright effulgence on yonder tower ;  
The rose is blooming—  
The air perfuming,  
And the star like jasmine, adorns our bower.

The tinted blossom  
In rich profusion,  
Throws off its flowrets in showers of snow :  
All earth rejoices—  
A thousand voices  
Proclaim that Summer is with us now.

The sky is low'ring—  
The clouds are pouring,  
The thunders rattle—the lightnings dart :  
Though warm the weather,  
Yet altogether  
We feel bright Summer must soon depart.

The fruit is mellow—  
The corn is yellow,—  
The song of the reaper is sounding near ;  
The cow's in clover,  
Our toils are over,  
The sober Autumn at length is here.

The hail storm rattles—  
The snow-king battles—  
The water's freezing across the lake ;  
The fire is blazing,  
While we are gazing  
At happy school boys got out to skate.

The goose is roasting—  
The cakes are toasting—  
The welcome strangers are at the door ;  
Oh ! ye so dainty,  
Who live in plenty,  
Forget not Winter has many poor.

---

## THE DYING MOTHER'S CHARGE.

---

Oh ! mother, sit doon, I ken by your look,  
Your heart is 'eerie and sair ;  
An' the voice that ance could hae sooth'd your grief.  
Will sune be heard nae mair.

I'm wearin' awa to the unco' land,  
But dinna for that repine ;  
For I might hae dre'ed a waesome weird,  
Had langer days been mine.

Ye ken that my heart gaed wi' my hand,  
When I plighted my youthfu' vow ;  
An' he hasna' prized the truthfu' gift,  
But dinna reproach him now.

It wasna' o' him I wished to speak,  
Though I think baith night and day ;  
But it was o' my young and loe'some bairn,  
When I shall be cauld in clay.

Ye maun bear her hame to your ain wee cot,  
And never your charge resign ;  
For I fear the heart that's sae cauld to me,  
Will cherish nae bairn o' mine.

An' ye'll learn her to pray to the God above,  
To guard her in youth frae sin ;  
And to trust to her Saviour's changeless love,  
For the heaven I hope she'll win.

Her faither 'ill ca' in an' fondle her whiles,  
To love him she'll no be to learn ;  
Wha kens—though he's no been sae kind to the wife,  
He may lieve to be proud o' the bairn.

Wee pet—bring her here, till I bless her ance mair,  
And commend her to God's holy love ;  
And mother, she'll lay your gray hairs in the dust,  
When you leave her and join me above.

Now kiss me baith kindly, I'm wanting to sleep,  
 For I'm weary, though free frae a' pain;  
 Tell Jamie I thought on him neist to my God,  
 If I never should wauken again.

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## BE JUST AND FEAR NOT.

---

Lines written on seeing this motto over the door of a newly erected Gin  
 Palace.

BE just—fear not—the motto's good,  
 But let us pause awhile and see;  
 How does it suit the motley crowd,  
 That haunt thy courts—E'briety.

That man with faltering step and slow,  
 With haggard cheek and hollow eye,  
 With napless hat slouched o'er his brow,  
 And shrinking from each passer by.  
 What was he once? A gentle youth  
 Of promise bright and talents rare.  
 What is he now? The fearful truth—  
 Read in his face—'tis written there.

His is the drunkard's awful doom—  
 The frenzied night, the restless day:  
 The madd'ning mirth that sinks in gloom—  
 The thirst that nothing can allay.

His wife is toiling for her bread—

His children eat the pauper's crust ;  
He has not where to lay his head,  
Tell me : to whom has he been just ?

Yon shivering child, with tatter'd frock,  
And shoeless foot, just entering in ;  
She scarce can reach the counter top,  
And wants,—“ Two pennyworth of Gin.”  
Child though she be, the flush of shame  
Is spreading o'er her neck and brow ;  
Some young companions at their game,  
Scoff at her as she passes now.

Follow her home ! Nay, ope' the door,—  
Ye need not fear to enter in ;  
Ye will but see one victim more,  
To England's curse—the love of Gin.  
A mother on her couch of straw,  
Watching her child with glazing eye ;  
Snatches with greed the source of woe,  
Drinks it, and turns her round to die.

Fear not ! Oh, there is much to fear,  
Beware of this most deadly sin ;  
The crime and sorrow pictured here,  
Began with just one glass of Gin.

Be just, and fear not ; there it stands,  
Bright maxim o'er that gilded dome ;

Ye youths and maidens, oh ! be warned,  
Its courts are pathways to the tomb.  
In him who lingers there too long,  
We lose all hope, all faith, all trust,  
And though delayed, the time *will* come,  
He cannot (if he would) be just.

And she who shrinks at first with shame,  
Yet won by others, ventures here ;  
Makes wreck of fortune, life, and fame—  
How dare you tell her,—“ Not to fear ? ”

---

## C A W N P O R E .

---

REMEMBER them ! yes ; let the hearts that are breaking,  
For the loved and the lost on that far distant shore ;  
Say if ever again, whether sleeping or waking,  
They will cease to remember thee, bloody Cawnpore.

Oh, India ! land of the serpent and tiger,  
Meet emblems are they for the men of thy clime ;  
Thy priesthood are demons, thy God is an idol,  
Thy history a record of bloodshed and crime.

We hoped that thy darkness at length was receding,  
That mercy and truth were beginning to smile ;  
'Neath the car of the idol no victims lay bleeding,  
No widows were mounting the funeral pile.

Vain hope ! not a leaf, not a page in her story  
Is marked with a darker, a deadlier stain ;  
And years must roll on, some in gloom, some in glory,  
Ere India by England is trusted again.

Press on, then, brave band, 'mid all dangers unshaken,  
Your country implores you her children to save ;  
Oh ! hasten to succour the sad and forsaken,  
Lest Lucknow, like Cawnpore, be one bloody grave.

Remember them ! yes ; and while thus we deplore them,  
Shall the miscreants escape who have wrought this sad  
change ?

No ! the banner of mercy may yet hover o'er them,  
But at present our watchwords are—Onward, Avenge !

---

### WAKE, LADY, WAKE.

---

WAKE, lady, wake ! o'er the still lake sleeping,  
The silvery moonbeams their radiance throw ;  
And eyes whose light have been dimmed with weeping,  
Have sought in slumber respite from woe.

Wake, lady, wake !

I would not raise from that downy pillow,  
The form so cherished and loved by me ;  
But long ere morning, across the billow  
Our barks must bear us afar from thee.  
Wake, lady, wake !

And though we know that the foe and stranger  
Are armed to meet us across the main ;  
That there may be death, and there must be danger,  
Yet something whispers we'll meet again.  
Wake, lady, wake !

But now, farewell ! Hark, the trumpet pealing  
Its hasty summons forbids my stay ;  
But at midnight hour, in thy chamber kneeling,  
Forget not, dearest, for me to pray.  
Wake, lady, wake !

And at that hour though in wild commotion,  
On stormy sea, or on tented plain ;  
Our hearts shall mingle in warm devotion,  
And trust me, dearest, we'll meet again.  
Wake, lady, wake !

BACHELOR WILL.

---

AT twenty, Will Witherspoon look'd for a wife—  
He knew it was early to settle in life ;  
But though handsome in person, his pockets were *nil*,  
“ I'll marry for money,” said Bachelor Will.

He look'd through the township and counted them o'er,  
There were widows a dozen, and maidens a score :  
“ I could have them for asking, but I'll wait until,  
I have summed up their fortunes,” said Bachelor Will.

He inquired with caution, and sifted with care,  
From friend and relation the wealth of each fair ;  
But while he was moving, time did'nt stand still,  
And we find him at thirty, still Bachelor Will.

At length on a fair one determined to wait,  
Bedecked like a Frenchman, he rang at the gate ;  
He vowed he adored her ; she waited until—  
He had finished his story, poor Bachelor Will.

Then, scornfully smiling, she bade him begone,  
Though his tongue was beguiling his object was known ;  
“ 'Tis my money you want, Sir : I'll keep it until—  
I find one more worthy than Bachelor Will.”

He tried them in turns, the brunette and the fair,  
But for once all the women kept out of the snare ;  
He complain'd to a friend of his sorrows until—  
*He* lost patience, and thus spoke to Bachelor Will.

“ In the years you have wasted while hunting for pelf,  
Had you minded your business and made it yourself,  
You had been independent, and wed who you will,”  
“ I fear you speak truly,” quoth Bachelor Will,

The maids became matrons—the widows got wed,  
While grey grew his whiskers, and bald was his head ;  
He had hunted for fortune—and miss'd it—and still  
We leave him at sixty,—Old Bachelor Will.

---

## A FLORAL LAY.

---

BEAUTIFUL flowers ! Beautiful flowers !  
That spangle the earth and adorn the bowers ;  
Found wherever the fresh wind blows,  
From Egypt's lily to Lapland's rose.  
We hail you with pleasure and lose you with pain,  
And long for the Summer to meet you again :  
Ye gladden'd the world in its earliest hours,  
For man was created 'mid—Beautiful flowers.

The child as it wanders by hedgerow and stile,  
Picks up your bright blossoms with many a smile ;  
The buttercup flaunting—the primrose demure,  
And the bard's " mountain daisy," so simple and pure :  
Though fleeting we loved you in life's sunny hours,  
Gems dropt from Paradise—Beautiful flowers.

When that dauntless explorer\* no perils could foil,  
Sank fainting with hunger and wearied with toil ;  
With the savage in ambush, the wild beast in lair,  
And the desert around him, well might he despair ;  
But he looked up to heaven, and for mercy he cried,  
He looked down to earth, and behold at his side  
Was a tuft of moss springing in verdure and bloom,—  
It gave him fresh courage and brighten'd the gloom.  
" Shall He who has formed *thee* (in desert) so fair,  
Leave *me*, his own creature, to death and despair,"—  
He arose with fresh vigour and hope from that hour,  
And that small tuft to him was a beautiful flower.

In the hall of the monarch how brightly ye shine,  
Round the cot of the peasant how sweetly ye twine ;  
And the spray of the myrtle we place side by side,  
With the soft orange blossom to deck the fair bride.  
And when our beloved ones are robed for the tomb,  
The buds we strew o'er them in beauty and bloom,  
Shall fade, but the spirit to Heaven shall soar  
Where the flowers are immortal and bloom evermore.  
Ye smile with our sunshine, and weep with our showers,  
Blest be your memories—Beautiful flowers.

\* Mungo Park.

A MOTHER'S BLESSING.

---

A MOTHER's blessing, a mother's blessing,

How oft my darling it followed thee ;

As bounding away from my fond caressing.

Thou sought thy playmates in boyish glee.

How oft ere thou sank to peaceful slumber,

When to "Our Father" thou bent the knee ;

Have I pray'd that God in his jewell'd number,

Of lov'd and sav'd would remember thee ?

He has heard my prayer and I may not murmur,

For just and kind and wise is He ;

He has made thee one of that jewell'd number,

But, alas ! my darling thou'rt lost to me.

Not lost : for thy dying form caressing,

While thy last look of love was fixed on me ;

I know, my child, that thy mother's blessing

Followed thee into Eternity.

Not lost : for we soon shall be re-united,

Earth hath no bright spot now for me ;

Its flowers are wither'd, its trees are blighted,

Oh ! for the joys of Eternity.

## BOTH SIDES OF THE SHIELD.

---

Written on a controversy between the Dean of Carlisle, Dr. Francis Close,  
and the Precentor of the Cathedral, Mr. Livingstone.

I'm oft reminded of a tale in youth,  
(When ev'ry tale we heard or read seem'd truth)  
'Twas of two knights who once upon a day,  
Armed "cap-a-pied" met on the king's highway.  
Between them stood a shield (strange to behold),  
One side was silver, 'tother burnished gold :  
Men were more honest in those days I ween,  
At least such shield would *now* not long be seen.  
It even *then* created some surprise,  
For one cried out—"Can I believe my eyes,  
A shield of gold in such a place as this !"  
"You well may doubt them, for they see amiss,"  
Replies the other : "To my mind 'tis clear  
They're not *too* wise that leave even silver here !"  
We need not tell how each maintained his side—  
How anger rose, and how at length they ride  
Full tilt against each other ; then too late,  
Unhorsed and wounded they lament their fate :

For having pass'd the object of the fray,  
They see too clearly where their error lay,  
And vow in future ere they take the field,  
To well examine both sides of the shield.

Now to our Moral. Have ye not all been  
A little hard upon your friend, the Dean ?  
That there were faults on both sides, there's no doubt,  
What quarrel ever lasted long without ?  
But had the facts been known, 'tis very clear,  
Your judgment on him had been less severe.  
We trust at last all bickering may cease,  
Within the church of God there should be peace ;  
Such petty squabbles are a sad disgrace,  
And never should be heard in such a place ;  
For when their Master came on earth to live,  
His earliest, latest lesson, was—Forgive.  
And we have learned a lesson to suspend  
All hasty judgment, till we know the end ;  
To hear two parties ere we credence yield,  
And well examine—Both sides of the Shield.

## THERE IS BARK ON THE STREET.

---

It is customary in large towns to lay bark on the street in front of any house where the inmates are suffering from severe illness.

'NEATH the walls of the castle a band is seen,  
With their tunics of white and their plumes of green ;  
They are marching forth to the fields afar,  
To practice in peace the arts of war.  
Loud, loud is the clangour of trumpet and drum,  
And the people are shouting—They come, they come !  
But, hush ! there's a pause in that music's breath,  
A silence like passing from life to death :  
And soft is the tread of those warrior's feet,  
As they pass on their way, there is bark on the street.

'Neath the walls of the church, so ancient and gray,  
A bridal procession is wending its way :  
The priest is awaiting the young and the fair,  
In his robes of white, with his book of prayer.  
The words have been spoken, united for life,  
The blushing maid is a trusting wife ;  
And as swift from the gate she is borne away,  
She blesses the morn of her bridal day ;

But the smile has faded from lip and eye,  
And she looks at her lord with a boding sigh ;  
For she knows by the sound of the horses' feet,  
As they bear them along, there is bark on the street.

What has stilled the sound of that music loud,  
As the soldiers march on through the silent crowd ?  
What has chased the smile from the lip and eye  
Of that fair young bride as she passeth by ?  
They know that above them the Angel of Death  
Is hovering now with his tainted breath :  
That within the walls of some darken'd room,  
A spirit is waiting its final doom ;  
And hoping in mercy its God to meet,  
For life is in danger when bark's on the street.

In the happiest hours of this fleeting life,  
When our hearts are young and our hopes are rife,  
Some bitters will mix with our cup of joy,  
For earth's gold is mingled with base alloy.  
But there is a land where the music's breath  
Can never be hushed by the hand of death ;  
Where smiles adorn the sainted bride,  
As for ever she blooms at her bridegroom's side ;  
And those who are ready their Lord to meet,  
Need not fear though for them there be bark on the street.

## SOFT FALLS THE DEW.

---

SOFT falls the dew on the drooping flower  
At the close of the summer's day ;  
But the bud blooms fresh at the morning hour,  
As it turns to the sun's bright ray.  
Lightly the snow flakes have gemm'd the spray,  
While we dreamt not their work was begun ;  
But they yield like the dew-drop at dawn of day  
To the warmth of the beaming sun.

Sad seems the world to the wounded heart,  
As it droops like the flowers at eve :  
Yet the balm of hope will its aid impart,  
To comfort the souls that grieve.  
Silent our tears like the snow-flakes fall,  
O'er the dreams that our fancy wove ;  
But they yield at length, as our hearts recall  
The sweet sunshine of friendship and love.

A TELEGRAPHIC SONG.

---

HURRAH ! for the cord is across the sea,  
In spite of the winds and waves ;  
Uniting the land of the bold and free,  
To the isle of their fathers' graves.

Bright is the laurel and bay we twine,  
For the warrior whose work is done ;  
But the men who have vanquished space and time  
Have a nobler victory won.

Swift is the sweep of the wild bird's wing,  
As she cleaves the air to her nest ;  
But swifter the thrill through that mystic string,  
Of words from the far off West.

Mighty the nations who thus shake hands,  
Beneath the swelling main ;  
As brothers together we laid these bands,  
And brothers we will remain.

## BE KIND TO ONE ANOTHER.

---

Be kind to one another,  
For our life is but a span ;  
Forgive an erring brother,  
And reclaim him if ye can.  
If Heaven with wealth and station,  
Has dower'd thee and thine ;  
Forget not that temptation,  
Is oft the root of crime.

Yon gallant ship careering,  
Across the foaming wave ;  
Her hapless freight is steering,  
To fetters and the grave.  
We sigh to think how many  
Within that nest of crime ;  
Had ne'er been lost, if any  
Had lent them aid in time

How oft in giddy blindness,  
When youth is caught in snare,  
Have words of harsh unkindness,  
Impell'd him to despair.

While soft words, gently spoken,  
Have smoothed the path he trod—  
Have healed the heart half-broken.  
And lured him back to God.

And when Christ came to save us,  
And died that we should live ;  
In life and death he gave us,  
This lesson, to forgive.  
To be kind to one another,  
Through all his precepts ran ;  
Let us then forgive our brother,  
And reclaim him if we can.

---

### OH! DO NOT LET.

---

Oh! do not let those tear-drops fall.  
They only give me pain ;  
I would not, if I could recall,  
Our child to life again.

Though sharply we have felt the rod,  
And lonely pass the hours ;  
I would not call him now from God,  
To share a lot like ours.

The rosebud snatched in early prime,  
Before its leaves are spread ;  
Knows not that chilling winds in time,  
Would strew them o'er its bed.

And dear ones called in morning spring,  
To leave life's busy stage ;  
Escape the snares that manhood brings,  
And shun the woes of age.

I know he's safe at Jesus' feet,  
And shelter'd by his arm ;  
The tempests that around us beat,  
Can never do him harm.

And when we yield this fleeting breath,  
And tread the path he trod ;  
How blest the hope we have in death,  
To find him with his God.

Then do not let those tear-drops fall,  
They only give me pain ;  
I would not, if I could recall,  
Our child to life again.

THE BURNING SHIP.

---

In the year 1858, the steamship *Austria* was consumed by fire, the Captain having leapt overboard on the first alarm. One Hungarian gentleman lowered his wife and daughters into the sea and followed them himself.

A FEW days more we shall reach the shore.

For our ship is swift and strong ;

And the dashing waves, as her sides they lave,

Are bearing her merrily on.

With a rushing wind she leaves behind

Her track on the white sea foam ;

Our hearts are light, for our hopes are bright.

We are nearing our future home.

But, hark ! a cry, and it soundeth nigh,

It hath paled the cheek of the bold ;

Well may they shrink from ruin's brink,

There is fire in the good ship's hold.

A fire at sea ! Oh, God ! can there be

'Neath the sun such a fearful grave

As a burning ship ? Launch the boats out quick !

They are swamped as they touch the wave.

On the crowded deck, of that fiery wreck,  
What a fearful scene of woe ;  
What a death to die—and they can but fly  
To the surging deep below.  
A father stands, with his outstretched hands,  
Raised to heaven in wild despair ;  
He gives to the deep, his loved to keep,  
Then hastens to join them there.

One hope has power in that awful hour,  
To still the throbbing brain ;  
That the last pang o'er, they will reach that shore,  
Where they ne'er shall part again.  
Among that crew, were good men and true :  
What want they ; a master's hand ;  
A head to bear and a heart to dare,  
And a voice of stern command.

He were worth a host who could take his post,  
On the planks of that glowing wreck ;  
And with nerve of steel could turn the wheel,  
Till the wind had cleared the deck.  
None such were there—and let no man dare  
To take such a charge again ;  
But the firm in soul, who can well controul  
Himself and his fellowmen.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.  

---

YES, we have met in happier hour,  
When life and love were young ;  
Thou hadst the will, I gave the power,  
And deep my heart was wrung.

And wouldst thou have me stoop again ?  
To list thy broken vow ;  
Away ! I would not give thee pain,  
But cannot love thee now.

The rosebud sever'd from its stem,  
Can know no second spring ;  
He may not sound the harp again,  
Who rudely snapt the string.

The heart thou crushed and flung aside,  
Rejects thy proffer'd vow ;  
Away ! and seek another bride,  
I cannot love thee now.

## STANZAS FOR MUSIC.



OH ! why Eliza, didst thou spurn  
Thy lover from thy side ;  
And bid him seek in courtly halls,  
To win a wealthy bride ?

Though others bow at fortune's shrine,  
I cannot bend the knee ;  
The heart so wholly, fondly thine,  
Is happier far with thee.

Then call me, dearest, to thy side,  
And cheer my cottage home ;  
Nor deem that thoughts of wealthy bride,  
Could tempt my heart to roam.

The love that lights that beaming eye,  
Is more than gold to me ;  
Then bid me not for others sigh.  
I'm happier far with thee.

A DREAM.

---

METHOUGHT that I roamed 'mid the haunts of my childhood,  
And gather'd the cowslips that blossomed so fair ;  
Once more with my early friends threaded the wild wood,  
And wove, dear Eliza, a wreath for thy hair.  
The bright orb of day in the heaven was riding,  
As we trod with light footsteps the dew-spangled vale ;  
And we linger'd though fearing a fond mother's chiding,  
Till the mild star of evening look'd down on the dale.

Methought the scene changed to the home of my childhood,  
I stood 'mid a group of the young and the fair ;  
My mother forgave me my chase through the wild wood,  
And sire and grandsire welcomed me there.  
Through the light mazy dance,—oh ! how swiftly we  
bounded,  
While the lyre was struck by a hand I loved well ;  
The banquet was spread and the music resounded,  
Till it wakened thy echoes, my own native dell.

I awoke : I was far from the home of my childhood—  
No mother to welcome her wanderer home ;  
No friends dear as sisters to roam through the wild wood,  
And sire and grandsire are cold in the tomb.

And he who that lyre struck in warmest devotion,  
My brother, the best loved of all that gay throng;  
Our friendship has burst like the bubbles of ocean,  
And its memory is cherished in nought save my song.

Alas ! for the fond hopes that blossomed in childhood,  
When the world glitter'd round us like some fairy scene ;  
When our bright summer days were all spent in the wild  
wood,  
When life was a pastime and sorrow a dream.  
As we pass o'er the billows of time's stormy ocean,  
Friends, lovers, and kindred, are gulphed in its wave :  
And we feel while our hearts turn to God with devotion—  
That our hope is in heaven, our rest in the grave.

---

### SHE IS GONE.

---

SHE is gone, from whom lately we parted,  
In the fond hope of meeting again ;  
Oh ! she seemed, when she left, so light hearted,  
That we dreamt not of sorrow or pain.

She is gone ere her bridal wreath faded,  
Ere its roses had lost half their bloom ;  
Ere a sorrow her bright brow had shaded,  
We have laid her in youth in the tomb.

She has past like a vision before us,  
We shall hear her light footstep no more :  
Her voice that like music stole o'er us,  
Is silent, its sweet tones are o'er.

Serene in the moment of danger,  
She bowed to the chast'ning rod :  
While we hailed thee with tears, little stranger.  
She blessed thee and flew to her God.

Sweet babe, may thy life be as holy,  
As hers from whom thou drew thy breath :  
And that God shall unite you in glory,  
Though His will was to part you on earth.

---

BALMORAL TO THE PRINCESS  
FREDERICK WILLIAM  
OF PRUSSIA.

---

THE snaw-flakes fell  
When she bade farewell,  
And they cover'd the auld gray cairn :  
But the heather bells  
In our highland dells,  
Will welcome her bonnie bairn.

For we ken she'll come  
When the roses bloom,  
And the birks put on their green ;  
An' she's sure to bring  
Her bright wee king,  
To gladden the heart of our Queen.

In a distant land,  
On a foreign strand,  
Our burdie sought her hame ;  
But we like him weel,  
That unco chiel,  
For he loves his youthfu' dame.

In a fervent prayer  
For their princely heir,  
We join with love and joy ;  
And Auld Reekie\* sent  
To compliment,  
Our Queen on her girl and boy.

Come then, young wife  
While thy joys are rife,  
With thy husband and baby dear ;  
An' the hills aroun'  
Shall echo the soun'  
Of the welcome that waits ye here.

\* The City of Edinburgh.

ON THE NEW YEAR.

---

Oh! once again Old Father Time,  
Has past with his Christmas cheer ;  
And we list to the bells as they merrily chime,  
To welcome the coming year.

Old Father Time, though he looks so meek,  
And his feet scarce seem to move, .  
Is stealing the bloom from beauty's cheek,  
And the light from the eye of love.

He pilfers the toy from the gamesome boy,  
As he leads him to manhood's prime ;  
And the raven tress in its loveliness,  
Is whitened by Father Time.

He throws the ivy across the wall,  
While he moulders the stone and lime ;  
But its green leaf hides where his footsteps fall,  
For a sly old thief is Time.

We look to the past, but alas ! 'tis flown,  
With its record of weal and woe ;  
And the moment that flies as our pen moves on,  
Is all we can claim below.

Since, then, the past we can ne'er retrace,  
And the future may not be ours ;  
And this world is not our abiding place,  
Though our path may be strewed with flowers.

Let us cheerfully write farewell to-night,  
As we list to the midnight chime ;  
To the follies we loved in fifty-eight,  
And forsake them in fifty-nine.

---

### ON A TUFT OF VIOLETS.

---

BEAUTIFUL violets of heaven's own hue,  
Brightened by sunshine and moistened by dew ;  
Slyly ye peep from beneath yon old tree,  
Only descried by an idler like me.  
Murmur not, violets, though lowly your lot.  
Worth may be found 'neath the roof of a cot ;  
Were ye transplanted to gardens more fair,  
Might ye not wither with envy and care ?  
The rose would outshine ye, the lily outvie,  
And bright flowers that bloom 'neath an eastern sky ;  
In their gorgeous colours arrayed like some queen,  
Among *them*, sweet violets, you'd never be seen.  
While here as ye peep from your soft mossy bed,  
How sweet is the perfume, though faint, that ye shed :

And your friend, the bright skylark, that's soaring on high,  
 Is calling to tell ye the sun's in the sky.  
 Sweet violets, ye emblem, the life of the maid,  
 In nature's simplicity lowly array'd ;  
 From her moss-cover'd cottage she seeks not to roam,  
 For her heart's dearest treasures are found in her home.  
 But should she be tempted by splendour and state,  
 To leave her quiet valley and mix with the great ;  
 Full quickly she'll find that mere beauty and worth,  
 Have little attraction for gay sons of earth.  
 That fashion and fortune alone is their care,  
 And they sneer at the charms of a portionless fair ;  
 Stay at home, then, dear maid, and I guess, that ere long,  
 When the buds are in bloom, and the birds are in song ;  
 A gay bridal party some morn will be seen,  
 Dancing under this oak near the old village green.

---

## FIVE TIMES HAS EARTH.

---

In the year 1856, Dr. TAIT, then Dean of Carlisle, lost five daughters in scarlatina within three months. He was shortly afterwards made Bishop of London.

FIVE times has earth  
 Opened her bosom  
 Dark, to receive  
 These buds in blossom.

Lonely the home  
Lately so cheerful—  
Sad was their doom,  
Sudden and fearful.

How was this grief  
Borne by the mother?  
Woman must learn  
Her feelings to smother.

'Tis the wife's part  
Through life's dark shading,  
To comfort the heart  
With deep sorrow laden.

How did the father  
Bear the deep anguish?  
Life for a time,  
With him seemed to languish.

Sad and forlorn,  
Sunk in his sorrow,  
Dreading the dawn  
Of each opening morrow.

Prayerful to God—  
Earnestly pleading;  
*He* has at length  
Healed the heart's bleeding.

Leaving the flock  
Who well loved their pastor ;  
He has gone forth  
At the call of his Master.

Ask ye his deeds  
Since he departed ;  
Go question the poor,  
The sick, and faint-hearted.

Days spent in labour  
To succour mankind ;  
Relieving the body,  
Instructing the mind.

Hand ever ready  
To aid the distressed ;  
Surely affliction  
To him hath been blessed.

And she, the sad mother  
Has well done her part,  
To strengthen his hands  
And encourage his heart.

Oh ! when in Christ's judgment,  
They stand at his throne ;  
Where man and his actions  
In *truth* shall be known.

May all their lost jewels  
To them be restored,  
And the words be—" Good servants  
Come in to your Lord."

---

ON A RAG.

---

Addressed to a Gentleman who said there was no Poetry in a Rag  
Warehouse.

No poetry in rags, you say :'  
Believe me, sir, you're wrong ;  
I'll undertake to prove it, too,  
So listen to my song.

That tatter'd mantle, soiled and torn,  
Now hanging 'gainst the wall,  
Has wrapt some young and lovely form,  
At concert or at ball.

Awhile it glitter'd 'mid the throng,  
Well trimmed with silk and braid ;  
Then carelessly aside 'twas thrown,  
A gift to lady's maid.

Behold it next behind some stall,  
Exposed to public view ;  
'T has caught the eye of yon pale girl,  
And caught her fancy too.

Poor outcast, lost to fear and shame,  
What gauds that fancy please ;  
How could'st thou forfeit friends and fame,  
To purchase toys like these ?

Oh ! think upon thy mother's grief—  
Pity her sorrow wild ;  
Her heart is yearning yet with love,  
To greet her erring child.

In vain a mother's sighs and tears—  
In vain a father's frown ;  
Harden'd in vice, though young in years,  
She ne'er shall see her home.

Amid the haunts of guilt and crime,  
Her race is quickly run ;  
Repentance comes too late for time,  
The past is ne'er undone.

Ah ! maids beware, for all her shame.  
Her parents' deep distress—  
Her death of woe we can but blame  
Her foolish love of dress.

The folly that's begun in pride  
Is sure to end in sin ;  
The wretched hag who sold that rag,  
Has spent its price in gin.

I've said enough, and now in truth,  
My muse begins to lag ;  
I did but seek this fact to prove,  
There's poetry in a rag.

There's scarce a scrap on yonder floor  
But might some story tell ;  
I've done my part, and proved my point,  
And so, kind sir, farewell.

---

## THE GRASS GROWS GREEN.

---

THE grass grows green in my grandsire's ha',  
An' the hare's on the auld hearth stane ;  
But why should we grieve for a crumbling wa',  
When the hearts we loved are gane.

'Tis true I carena' to see the spot,  
Where ruin his work has done ;  
And I would that the father's roof had stood  
For the last surviving son.

The young tree easily shakes off the mould.

Though its roots spread out in time :

The auld tree liketh to end its days

Where it grew in its youthfu' prime.

I stood on the ancient village green,

An' looked on my native plain ;

Since the days o' my youth, save the auld kirkyard,

There's scarce ae' spot the same.

Yet the breeze frae' the Solway fann'd my cheek,

As I stood on the grassy sward ;

And the dearest friends of a wearied heart,

Lie deep in that auld kirkyard.

Though far we range in this world o' change,

We shall a' meet there at last ;

And we carena' where for a few short years,

Our lot in life be cast.

But I hae' ae' wish, and 'twill be my last,

When my race of life is run ;

Ye maun lay your bard in that auld kirkyard,

By the side of her only son.

PRINCE ALFRED.

---

HAIL to the lad ! who embarked on the ocean,  
Is braving the billows and breasting the storm ;  
His country is watching with kindly emotion,  
Her gallant young sailor boy, far from his home.

She rejoices to think that in school so befitting,  
A Prince of her race should be trained to command ;  
In the cabin of Nelson, a monarch of Britain,\*  
Stood waiting for orders, his cap in his hand.

But, hark to the joy bells, their sound o'er the ocean  
Has reached that gay bark as she cleaves through the main ;  
And lords and high ladies, to prove their devotion,  
Are waving a welcome again and again.

With ball and with concert, and lengthy oration,  
They prove that they're loyal and love our good Queen;  
But it takes a cool head to stand such adulation,  
What can ye expect from a boy of fourteen ?

Old England is proud of her heroes and statesmen,  
Be they sons of the peasant or lords of the soil ;  
But our Wellington, Jarvis, our Drake and our Nelson,  
Won all their high honours with labour and toil.

\* The Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV.

With frank, hearty kindness, still meet the young Briton,  
Receive him with welcome, and greet him with joy ;  
But to render him honours his age unbefitting,  
Is marring the sailor and spoiling the boy.

His country with joy will behold him attaining  
High rank in her navy, the pride of her land ;  
But *that* will not be till with years of good training,  
He has learned to obey and is fit to command.

---

## LABOUR ON.

---

LABOUR on, and labour ever  
Was our Maker's high behest ;  
Life is like a turbid river,  
Sweeping to its place of rest.

Churchmen, statesmen, patriots, sages,  
Men of scientific mind ;  
All have laboured through long ages,  
For the welfare of mankind.

Oft their aims were misdirected,  
Evil strove their good to foil ;  
And they far too long neglected  
All the patient sons of toil.

But when peoples are united,  
Even monarchs must obey ;  
And when millions *will* be righted,  
Who shall *dare* to say them nay ?

None : Yet o'er earth's peopled millions,  
Who by labour earn their bread ;  
Want and woe, and crime and sorrow,  
Ever will be widely spread.

Let the statesman while revolving  
In his mind some mighty plan ;  
'Mid the problems that he's solving,  
Not forget the working man.

Men of God, if like your Master,  
Meekly must you wrong endure ;  
He that good and faithful pastor,  
Laboured hard among the poor.

Senators while loud debating,  
Keep this mighty end in view ;  
Think that ye are legislating  
For the many, not the few.

Keep from war to ruin tending,  
Only fit for savage horde ;  
God gave life for nobler ending  
Than the bullet or the sword.

Masters to your men be kindly,  
Give, and God will bless your store ;  
Fair day's wage for fair day's labour,  
Honest men will ask no more.

Would all classes be united,  
Work for one another's weal ;  
Much that's wrong would soon be righted,  
Were all shoulders at the wheel.

Miser's spend that hoarded treasure,  
In relieving human woe ;  
Why deny yourselves the pleasure,  
Which from grateful feelings flow.

Useless treasure, worthless labour,  
Laying up your gold in store ;  
Would ye win your Maker's favour,  
Seek the blessings of the poor.

Men of learning, filled with knowledge,  
Many yet are *inly* blind ;  
Bring the lore of school and college  
To improve the human mind.

Much begun yet wants completing,  
Much has yet to be begun ;  
Life is short and time is fleeting,  
All must labour 'neath the sun.

Spendthrifts, do they ever labour ?  
 Hard enough, the left hand road ;  
 They, alas ! soon lose the favour  
 Of their fellow men and God.

Let us make a kind endeavour,  
 Something may their path have cross'd,  
 And with God to aid us, never  
 Shall these outcasts all be lost.

Labour on, and labour ever,  
 Was our Maker's high behest ;  
 And he best will please the Giver  
 Of his life, who labours best.

---

## THE BURDIES SING BONNIE.

---

The following Jacobite Song was written by a friend of the authors, many years ago, but has never before appeared in print.

THE burdies sing bonnie, cauld winter's awa',  
 And laigh\* in the lowlands, sweet primroses blaw ;  
 The gouden sun gleets on the braid bosomed sea,  
 And saft sinks the e'ening o'er brown Benachie.  
 But to me, whase puir heart is sae e'erie an' sair,  
 What bird can seem cheerie—what flower can seem fair ?  
 Sin' he on whase bonnet three white feathers shane,  
 'Mang the wilds o' Glengary maun wander his lane.

\* Low.

When 'erst at Dunedin\* he 'peared on the plain,  
 'Mang a' our gay gallants ye weel might him ken ;  
 By his sheen siller tassels and gouden pompoon—  
 By his red streaming tartans and laigh quarter'd shoon.  
 But chief by his bearing, sae princely and hie,  
 An' the death daring glance o' his keen hazel 'ee ;  
 The leddies a' lo'ed him, but now he is gane,  
 'Mang the wilds o' Glengary to wander his lane.

O, Rorie McKenzie,† what tongue ever tauld  
 Of a fealty like thine or a bearing sae bauld?  
 Though the chance gaed against him pronouncing his name.  
 Thou daur'd the great venture and fell in thy fame.  
 The fierce Saxon rangers guard fast yon green dell,  
 I hear the loud war blast afar on the fell ;  
 For a guerdon is heght ‡ and I fear he'll be ta'en,  
 'Mang the wilds o' Glengary wha wanders his lane.

The hills o' the Hielands seem dowie an' drear,  
 Glenmore-na-halbyn || sad weepers may wear ;  
 Ye maids o' Dunedin, come mingle your mane,  
 For the pride o' clan Kenzie ye'll ne'er see again.  
 But vengeance will come yet, the tyrants we'll daur,  
 Red tartans will wave yet on hie Lochnagar ;  
 His sword he will draw yet, like Golice McBane, §  
 'Mang the wilds o' Glengary wha wanders his lane.

\* Edinburgh. + Roderick McKenzie, a young Highland Chieftain who personated the Chevalier, and was killed in his stead.

† A reward is offered. || The great glen or strath of Caledonia. § A gigantic Highlander who is said to have killed twelve men in one battle.

## ONE WORD, MY SISTERS.

ONE word, my sisters, ere we part,  
Our way has not been long ;  
In sketching life, my woman's heart  
May oft have led me wrong.

Man's labours I have lightly touched,  
There's much to us unknown ;  
But woman's lie within her breast,  
They're found within her home.

To watch the couch of suffering age,  
The cradle of the young ;  
To teach the babe the first fond word  
That trembles on its tongue.

To plant within the infant breast,  
The love of God and truth ;  
Nourish the flowers, and check the weeds  
As childhood grows to youth.

That when her children leave her roof,  
Whatever change may come ;  
The dearest spot in memory's waste  
May be their father's home.

To smooth with her unwearied love  
Her partner's cares through life ;  
In sorrow's darkest hour to prove,  
The sympathizing wife.

To bear and forbear, though his heart  
May for a time grow cold ;  
And pray her God to bring again  
The wanderer to his fold.

In hut or hall within his home,  
To have all clean and bright ;  
Whate'er his toil he'll still enjoy  
His ain fireside at night.

To watch beside the fever'd couch,  
When fell disease is rife ;  
Many the duties and the cares  
Of mother and of wife.

Are they more happy who prefer  
A free and single state ;  
Look back and see, you'll find their type  
In gentle Aunty Kate.

There's thorns oft laid in woman's path,  
Could ne'er by man be trod ;  
Her joys she with her household shares,  
Her sorrows with her God.

BLESSED ARE THE POOR  
IN SPIRIT.

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MATH., CHAP V., VERSE iii. TO xix.

BLESSED are the poor in spirit,  
Blessed are the meek in mind,  
To reward their humble merit  
Earth and Heaven are combined.

Blessed are the patient mourners,  
For they shall be comforted ;  
Blessed are the souls that hunger,  
Christ shall give them living bread.

Blessed they who cherish mercy,  
For they mercy shall obtain ;  
Blessed are the pure and holy,  
They with God shall still remain.

Blessed they above all others,  
Who, when war and sorrow's rife,  
Strive to soothe their angry brothers,  
And to heal unholy strife.

Kings and rulers, Oh, remember !  
Ere ye draw the vengeful sword,  
Who it was that called the peaceful  
Sons of Heaven's mighty Lord.

Blessed they, though sad their story,  
Who have suffered for His sake ;  
And have joined their Lord in glory  
From the scaffold or the stake.

Though those darksome days have faded,  
Men of God remember still ;  
Your bright light must ne'er be shaded—  
Ye are beacons on a hill.

Woe to you when thus exalted  
If ye e'er desert your post ;  
Wherewith shall the salt be salted,  
If its savour should be lost.

No commandments must be slighted—  
No hard duty left undone ;  
Have ye wrongs ? they shall be righted  
When your crown of Glory's won.

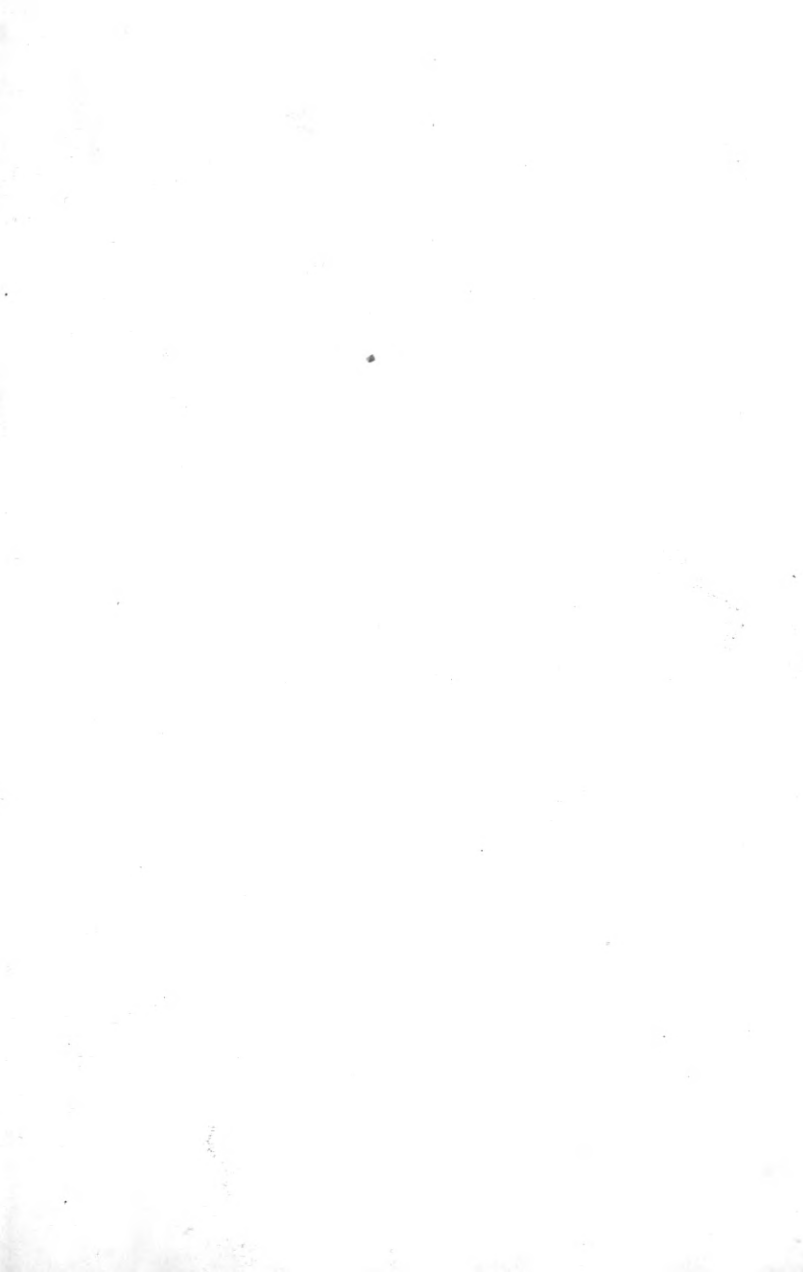
## THE CLOCK.

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VAINLY do we seek to know  
Why some brains are formed so—  
That whether in or out of season,  
They must rhyme in spite of reason.  
Every thing they see around them,  
Must be poetized, confound them—  
Making sober folks, I ween,  
Often wonder what they mean.  
The clock that ticks behind the door,  
Is just a clock and nothing more.  
To you, to me, and all beside,  
Save one of this same rhyming tribe.  
To them it speaks of childhood's hours,  
Woven with brightest tinted flowers—  
Of all a mother's anxious joy,  
Who chid and kiss'd her truant boy,  
When past his time in thoughtless play,  
He loiter'd summer's hours away.  
It speaks of nights of racking pain—  
Of aching limb and fever'd brain ;  
When tossing restless on his bed,  
The heavy minutes winged with lead,

He counted every hour that past,  
Till welcome morning dawned at last ;  
And that sad mother by his side  
His hourly wants with care supplied.  
That old clock tells of sunny youth,  
When all things breathed of love and truth,  
How wistfully he'd watch the hour  
That bid him haste to Beauty's bower.  
And when advanced to manhood's pride  
That beauty bloomed his blushing bride ;  
He bore her home to grace his hearth—  
That old clock echoed to their mirth—  
These and a thousand other themes.  
Mix in the poet's airy dreams ;  
The lowliest flower can wake the chords  
And call up some sweet " Household words"—  
The wind that rustles through the trees—  
The leaf that quivers in the breeze—  
The moss that clothes yon old tree root  
Where violets just begin to shoot—  
The fern that climbs the mountain side  
The heather bell old Scotland's pride  
Have all been made the theme of song  
By hosts of poets old and young.  
Since then you find 'twould be in vain,  
To strive to stop the teeming brain ;  
Let me the humblest of the throng,  
Pray you to love the sons of song--  
You've owed to them for many a day,  
A debt you never can repay.

They bring before your mental eye  
The brightest things of earth and sky—  
And e'en the lowliest I have shown,  
They clothe with beauty all their own.  
Then ere I end this idle song  
I fear you'll think it lasts too long ;  
Say, have I moved one gentle heart  
With kindly feelings ere we part—  
Say have I raised a kind regard  
In one soft breast for slighted bard ;  
If so, though humble be my strain,  
This clock will not have ticked in vain.



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